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HISTORY OF A NATIONAL MISTAKE.

NATIONS, like individuals, are subject to paroxysms of passion and delusion, in which all judgment is lost sight of. We accordingly find that nearly the whole mass of a people may view a particular measure with reprobation, expecting from it little short of national ruin, and yet the event will show that the small minority of disregarded voices was in the right. It is instructive to keep this in view, and instances which prove it are valuable.

The union of England and Scotland is such a case. Regarded at the time in the latter country with horror and indignation—for fifty years after, so unpopular as to be the leading cause of sanguinary insurrections—this measure has, nevertheless, turned out in the highest degree beneficial to both states; and it would now be impossible in Scotland to find a single voice against it. The public opinion of 1707 is therefore entirely a mistake: speeches, pamphlets, poems, votes, rebellions, prove to have been wholly in the wrong. How strange—a whole people judging erroneously for half a century, and doing wild deeds under the influence of the error! Two generations pass away in a delusion, out of which only a third awakes! Let us make a hasty review of these singular circumstances.

The incorporation of Scotland with England was effected by the Whig party, for the immediate purpose of securing the Hanover succession. 'It was thought highly dangerous,' says Swift, 'to leave that part of the island, inhabited by a poor, fierce, northern people, at liberty to put themselves under a different king;* the different king particularly dreaded at this time being the Romish son of James II. In reality, Scotland had made herself somewhat formidable to her neighbour; for, stung by ill usage, she had determined, by an act of her own parliament, not to accept the same sovereign with England, unless certain equalities were ceded to her. England, again, had resented this by an act of her own, declaring that the Scots should be held by them as aliens, unless they agreed to the Hanover succession within a year. It was in the midst of the mutual wrath thus expressed, while actually arming against each other—indeed, to save impending war—that the union was entered upon. It was carried through—there is no need to mince the matter—by means of corruption, amidst the tears and groans of an enraged people. Tumults marked every stage of the measure. Mobs filled the streets of Edinburgh with outcries against it. The royal commissioner was pelted. Private threats of assassination were sent to him.† Riots took place in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dumfries.

Armed risings were concerted. In short, there was everything short of an entire insurrection of the people presented in opposition to this alliance. A woman forced into marriage with her hands and feet bound, and a pistol held to her head, would have been a type of the affair.

The Jacobite party had an obvious interest in withstanding the union, as it was designed for the better excluding of their idol, the Chevalier. But parties of an entirely different kind were equally opposed to the measure. The feeling was indeed a national one; though, when we have done our best to analyse it, we can see little besides certain whims respecting the independence of Scotland, the possession of a distinct capital and parliament, and so forth. There was no thought about better or worse government, but a great deal about the preservation of the ancient regalia of the country. Few considered whether their industry would have freer play and better rewards under the new system; but all felt it as a dreadful thing to put an end to the ideal individuality of a thousand years, though it had only been productive of incessant wars. In fact, the opposition to the union was mainly of a childish nature—somewhat like the feelings which animate the Young England party amongst us. It was a thing most appropriately to be expressed in poetry, which was the form that much of it actually took. Yet these feelings were enough to give the Parliament House the appearance of a Polish diet—the discussion resembling less the strife of tongues than the clash of swords. Nor did the spirit of that period subside for many a day.

Not one public demonstration of satisfaction followed in Scotland. On the contrary, there was a general celebration of the Pretender's birthday instead of the Queen's. It had been agreed that a large sum should be sent to Scotland, to be devoted to certain public purposes, by way of an equivalent for the increase of taxation which the country was to submit to. The stipulated time having passed, a number of gentlemen came to the cross of Edinburgh, and took occasion from this circumstance to protest against the conclusiveness of the treaty.* When the equivalent did come, the people pelted the guard, and even the horses which drew it. It was held as the price of the national honour. Unfortunately, the English government did anything but soothe the offended feelings of the Scotch. It almost appeared, from their acts during the next few years, as if they considered Scotland in the light of a purchased slave, whom they were entitled to use or abuse as they pleased. The consequence was, that the antipathy to the union became even a more decided feeling than it had been before, and several of those who formerly supported it were now joined to its

* Public Spirit of the Whigs.

† Defoe's History of the Union, p. 326.

* Defoe's History of the Union, p. 367.

enemies. The year after it had passed saw nearly the whole of Scotland ready to receive the Pretender with open arms; even the more extreme Presbyterians joined in this feeling. 'God might convert him,' they said, 'or he may have Protestant children; but the union can never be good.' This crisis passed over; but the national feeling remained unaltered. So high did it run in 1713, that a determined effort was then made to procure an abolition of the treaty. The leader in the movement was a most appropriate person, the very Earl of Seafield who, as chancellor of Scotland, had been conspicuous in carrying through the measure, and who said, as he directed the regalia to be taken away at the last adjournment, 'There's the end of an auld sang;' which, by the way, Sir Walter Scott interprets into a piece of brutal levity, though it might equally imply a mournful feeling on the earl's part at the termination of a political system which he regarded with a lingering affection. It was this earl's pleasure, six years after the union, to move its dissolution in the House of Lords, alleging as reasons certain practical grievances to which Scotland had been subjected in consequence of the treaty. The Duke of Argyle, who, as commissioner to the Scottish parliament of 1705, had superintended the first steps towards the union, supported this motion, and touched on its more real cause in speaking of the insolence with which the Scottish people and their representatives were treated by the English. If the Earls of Marr and Loudon had remained true to their friends, this motion must have been carried, whatever might be its subsequent fate in the lower house. As it was, it was lost by a majority of only four votes. So near were we to forfeiting the benefits since derived from the union at that crisis.

The Hanover dynasty commenced next year, and the next again saw a rebellion break out in Scotland in behalf of the Stuarts, an event which many think would have never taken place but for the union. 'NO UNION!' was the conspicuous inscription on the insurgents' banner. James told the people 'he came to relieve his subjects of Scotland from the hardships they groaned under from the late unhappy union, and to restore the kingdom to its ancient free and happy state.' These words would not have been used, if they had not been expected to find an echo in many bosoms. The government put down the rebellion, and punished it; but the popular feeling remained the same. Swords made about this period are found inscribed with 'Prosperity to Scotland, and no union!' Allan Ramsay employed his verse to bewail the desolation brought upon Edinburgh by the departure of the native parliament—a point we believe to have been the theme of much exaggeration. Years rolled on, and brought the rebellion of 1745, which was also largely owing to the detested union. The Stuart manifesto on this occasion said, 'We see a nation always famous for its valour, and highly esteemed by the greatest of foreign potentates, reduced to the condition of a province, under the specious pretence of a union with a more powerful neighbour. In consequence of this pretended union, grievous and unprecedented taxes have been laid on, and levied with severity, in spite of all the representations that could be made to the contrary; and thus have not failed to produce that poverty and decay of trade which were easily foreseen to be the necessary consequences of such oppressive measures.'

It was now nearly forty years since the abhorred alliance had been effected, yet the disgust of Scotland had experienced hardly any abatement. Of the strength of the feeling, we have a remarkable illustration in Mr Home's History of the Rebellion. He tells us that, as Prince Charles was entering Holyrood palace, a respectable-looking old gentleman stepped out from the crowd, drew his sword, and marshalled Charles Edward along the piazza, and so up stairs into his apartments. It was Mr Hepburn of Keith, a perfect model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour, whose only reason for joining this rising against the government was the burn-

ing sense he had of the wrongs and degradation inflicted upon his country by the union!

This rebellion was also quelled: we know from the poet how hapless Caledonia mourned her 'banished peace and laurels torn.' It certainly was not likely that the terrors inflicted on Culloden heath, at Carlisle, and on Towerhill, should dissolve the objections of Scotland to the treaty of 1707. Neither had any such substantial benefits yet accrued from the incorporation with England, to serve in reconciling the malcontent Scots. The fact is, the very hatred of the union tended to justify itself, by forbidding the natural benefits of the measure to be realised. Into so fiercely-disposed a country as Scotland then was, English capital could not come. Absorbed in a sense of her wrongs, she was little disposed to turn her thoughts either to agriculture or commerce. Partly from anger at her wrathful attitude, partly from the selfish and unenlightened policy common to commercial men in that age, the English did all they could to repress her trading energies. Even the concern which the Scots were under to make good their convictions as to national wrong and ruin, would help to check all advantage from their new situation. They might have exclaimed, as in the well-known exemplification of their national grammar, 'I will fall, and nobody shall help me.' Mr Malcolm Laing, a very acute writer, admits that the nation was 'certainly far less progressive for half a century than if no union had ever been contracted'—a result which we only can attribute to an actual bad effect from the union itself in indisposing the two nations, or one or other of them, from seeking to realise its proper advantages. The present writer was once intrusted with the temporary possession of a document which he regrets he did not copy, as it would have strongly illustrated the jealousy which divided Scot and Englishman so lately as the middle of the last century. It was a regularly-formed bond, drawn up and largely subscribed by the tradesmen of Edinburgh, agreeing, for sundry good and sufficient reasons, to abstain from transacting business in the smallest extent with the men called *English Riders*; that is, commercial travellers from England! Such were the feelings of our country nearly fifty years after its junction with England had been effected. We may here recall a story of Walter Scott as to his grandfather hearing an old Scotch clergyman confess 'he never could bring his sermon, upon whatever subject, to a conclusion, without having what he called a *blawd*, that is, a slap, at the union.'

This national mistake of fifty years—this faith, in which a whole generation had gone down to death, not without its martyrs of sword and gallows—this delusion which had for so long worked to its own realisation—was at last dispelled. Men gradually ceased to distress themselves so much about national honour and independence, and began to think more about the ordinary economies of life. The spirit of resistance to the British government was broken by the sad consequences of the last rebellion. A milder and juster aspect being assumed by the government itself towards Scotland, the people at length became better affected to it. Then there really were natural powers and capabilities in our country and its inhabitants which it only required fair circumstances to elude. A change becomes visible about the time when George III. ascended the throne. With a new monarch seemed to come oblivion for past grievances, and new hopes for the future. This, accordingly, is the era of that course of improvement which Scotland has steadily pursued ever since, and which is in itself so remarkable. The native historians, as we have already had occasion to remark, usually close their narratives at 1707, saying that henceforth the country has no separate history. There certainly could not be a greater mistake. It might more justly be said that the only portion of Scottish history possessing any interest on

* History of Scotland, ii. 404.

† Tales of a Grandfather, edition 1840, ii. 192.

other grounds than those of curiosity, is what commenced about 1750; the history of it is no less than this—the transition of a nation under law and liberty from poverty and semi-barbarism into comparative affluence and refinement. It is extremely interesting to watch the rising symptoms of improvement; the linen manufacture advancing from L.445,321 in 1753, to L.634,411 in 1770—the colonial trade rising to importance at Glasgow—two note-issuing banks commenced there in 1750, one at Dumfries in 1766—Leith getting up whaling companies—the business of sea-insurance commenced in 1749—an academy erected for mathematics, natural history, drawing, &c. at Perth—the New Town of Edinburgh commenced—a society for the encouragement of arts and sciences set on foot in the '55, and soon after distributing a hundred and twenty premiums—the Forth and Clyde Canal commenced (1768)—about this time nineteen hundred head of Scotch black cattle counted passing Berwick bridge in one day—a penny-post set up in Edinburgh (1773).^{*} One circumstance is especially worthy of notice, as it marks a decline of national prejudice in the higher circles: the establishment of a select society in Edinburgh (1761) to cultivate English pronunciation, and to introduce English teachers into Scotland. The Blairs and Robertsons were at the head of it. These men had already studied themselves into a pure English style of composition; and Hume, Robertson, and Smith had distinguished themselves by writings such as there could have been no reason to anticipate at the time of the union. Meanwhile, under Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Kames, and some other enlightened persons, the first movements had been made towards that improved tillage which has since given Scotland such *claret* in the eyes of all Europe. Manners, too, were softening. The bitter polemical spirit of the preceding century was sinking into nooks and corners; and political divisions had lost all their former acrimony.

To come down to the present time, and contrast the Scotland of our day with that of 1707, gives such an idea of change for the better, as it is hardly possible to believe real. It is nothing to say that the population has advanced from one to two and a half millions, for we know that the numbers may increase, 'and not the joy.' But in this time the wealth, and all that the comfort of a people depends upon, have increased in a much higher proportion. Take the circulating medium as a criterion. The native coin called in at the union was under a million, and there was no other money worth speaking of: now, of native bank-issues alone there are upwards of three millions. Or look to the taxes. Of these the government drew, after the union, a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, which was looked upon as atrociously oppressive: now it takes from us five millions without a murmur. The increase of revenue from English taxation in the interval (speaking roughly) has been as from 1 to 8: that from Scottish taxation has been as from 1 to 301. The Scottish customs were, in 1707, farmed at thirty thousand pounds: now the single port of Leith produces six hundred thousand! Of the total value of real property in 1707 we have no estimate; but it is sufficiently instructive to learn, from one of Mr Charles Maclaren's intelligent abstracts of public papers in the *Scotsman*, that real property increased between 1815 and 1843 to the extent of *fifty-one millions*, or at the rate of about L.1,820,000 per annum. There was at the first period but one banking-office, that of the Bank of Scotland, in Edinburgh: branches had been tried unsuccessfully in Glasgow and Aberdeen. Now there are between three and four hundred banking-offices throughout the country, scarcely a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants being without one. In the same period, Edinburgh has advanced from a small, huddled, though picturesque town, to a city of unexampled beauty, and Glasgow from twelve thousand to three

hundred thousand inhabitants. In short, if any one desired to see an example of what one people may be in two different sets of circumstances—first under unfavourable, and secondly under favourable circumstances—he has only to visit Scotland, and compare 1707 with 1846. The general felicity of its position for many years has been shown in the contentedness of its people, and the little trouble they give to the central government. It is seldom there are more than a thousand military in Scotland; sometimes not so many. It has, within the last twenty years, seen its Board of Excise withdrawn to London, and several other public establishments centralised in like manner, without any grumbling. Men do not seem to feel as if their interests depended in any appreciable degree on a few particular incomes being spent amongst them. Such events hardly excite a remark in the public journals.

A question may remain, as to how far all this is owing to the act of 1707. Assuredly it would be wrong to ascribe the whole to this cause. Scotland was fortunate at the revolution in having the religion of the majority of the people made the religion of the state. She was fortunate in her laws, and many of the arrangements for their administration, particularly the provincial courts under sheriffs and their substitutes—men equivalent to a stipendiary magistracy, but with a happy connexion with the supreme courts of law. The provisions for the education of the people have also been of a superior character to those existing contemporaneously in most other countries. To all these causes much of the blessings we now enjoy may no doubt be ascribed. Yet when every deduction has been made, a vast proportion of the beneficial change of the last hundred years is to be ascribed negatively and positively to the union. In consequence of that act, the energies of the Scotch in manufactures and commerce were admitted to equal rewards with the English; a free passage was at the same time opened to the admission of a superior civilisation into these northern regions; all causes for dispute and contention on political subjects were taken away, and a unity of feeling on these points substituted. England may be said to have benefited Scotland in the way in which all nations ought to benefit each other; namely, by being friends instead of enemies to each other, by sharing instead of appropriating advantages; and, with the natural results of this policy, in a reflective benefit to itself. It is only a larger following out of the maxim to do to others as we would have them to do to us. The very idea of bewailing the absence of the usual marks of individuality as a nation seems now to be extinguished in the Scottish mind. We look with interest on Holyrood palace and the regalia as memorials of the past; we feel a romantic glow over the graceful pages of Mr Tytler; but these are holiday feelings. Rationality sanctions what our living eyes behold, and in this we rest satisfied. In our case, at least, centralisation has had none of its dreaded bad effects. It has rather done good, in removing from us those courtly influences which tend so much corruptionward. Perhaps, if there were a committee of parliament seated in Edinburgh for private bill business, it would be an improvement; but beyond this, certainly nothing is needed to complete the happy administration of public affairs amongst us. How strange to reflect that, a hundred years ago, men were frantically execrating and even drawing their swords against what has produced such remarkable benefits! How humiliating to human judgment that such blessings should have flowed from what was then looked on as a bane! What would the clergyman who never preached without a hit at the detestable union think if he were now to awake from the grave and see the bonny leas and braes of Scotland bearing such crops of grain, Edinburgh a city of palaces, the very remotest Highlands penetrated by good roads, every firth and sea whitened with the broad sails of commerce, and the whole land occupied by a free, industrious, and contented people?

There is surely a lesson of general utility to be de-

^{*} *Scots Magazine*, *passim*.

rived from this review of a great national misjudgment? Does it not show that a beneficial measure may be for an age neutralised by the very erroneous way in which it is judged of, and yet realised after all? Does it not demand that passionate national judgments of all kinds should give way to sober and rational considerations? And does it not give to the most hapless nations a hope that, through wise laws, and the fruits of well-directed energy, the greatest blessings may be attained?

REMINISCENCES OF A WEST INDIA VOYAGE.

A West India voyage, in a fine vessel, commanded by a skilful and amiable man, aided by good officers and a smart, well-conducted crew, is delightful, especially when the passengers chime in together, promoting every means of rational enjoyment, and making light of the inconveniences and privations which it may be their lot to encounter.

Such were the circumstances under which, some years ago, I voyaged to the island of Barbadoes. We had a fine run from the Land's End to Madeira; and in three days after taking our departure from Funchal Bay we got into the trade-winds. Impelled by a constantly favourable breeze over a sea whose waves were only sufficiently agitated to give a refreshing animation to the scene, the noble vessel pursued her course. Every stitch of canvas was set; and for three weeks there was scarcely any alteration made beyond running in the light studding-sails at night. Flocks of the flying-fish were continually rising from the crests of the waves, pursued by the cunning dolphin. After fluttering for a few moments some feet above the surface of the water, their long, transparent, finny wings and silvery backs glittering in the sun, they would plunge again into their natural element; and the dolphin was at fault. During the night, a few of these beautiful fish would now and then fall on the ship's deck, having struck against the shrouds or bulwarks in their precipitate flight. One day we caught a dolphin. It is a handsome animal,* not much like those portraits which represent it with broad head and lips resting on the waters, spouting graceful streams from its nostrils, and a lively serpentine tail disporting gaily in the air. When first hauled on board, its colour was a brilliant green, spotted with black; the fin on the back was a beautiful blue with black spots, and when the creature was at its last gasp, the body changed to a bright gold colour.

The stealthy and ferocious shark frequently prowled about the rudder, which moved almost imperceptibly in the verdant and translucent water. For several days the black dorsal-fin of a shark had at intervals been observed emerging from the sea, close to the ship, and we resolved to catch him if possible. A bait, consisting of a piece of salt pork weighing about four pounds, was affixed to an iron barbed hook, rivetted to a strong chain about a yard in length; and this chain was attached to a

long rope—or, in nautical parlance, a line—made fast to the stern taffrail. This done, the bait was thrown out astern. Every incident of this kind in a sea-voyage is fraught with the liveliest interest. We watched and watched, until we saw the tiger of the deep make a plunge at the bait; but he recoiled ere he reached it, and the black fin again sullenly arose from the creamy sea in the ship's wake.

One morning the shark seemed bolder than usual. Swimming round or a-head of him were a number of small black fish, which the sailors call pilot-fish, because the shark seems to steer his course under their guidance. Dashing at the bait, the hungry creature turned on his back, and opening his capacious jaw, snapped up the luscious morsel, and plunged with it into the deep. The ship was in a commotion—the hook had taken effect! More of the tightened and vibrating line was let out, so that the shark might partially exhaust itself by ineffectual efforts to get rid of his fatally-acquired prey; and then he was hauled upwards, writhing, and plunging, and struggling to escape, but only fixing the hook more and more firmly into his jaw. How the sailors rejoiced at the capture! All seamen bear a mortal enmity towards sharks; many of the toughest yarns are spun on the fore-castle about shipmates and others who had been bitten in half by them whilst bathing; of their hovering about vessels, watching for dead bodies when thrown overboard; and of the diseases which they superstitiously imagine are sure to break out in a ship in whose track the sharks are seen for several days.

At length the detested enemy was hauled alongside, and up the vessel's side; not without difficulty, however, for he hung down with all his weight, and shook his big head from side to side, like a half-strangled bull-dog. But the iron fangs of the barbed hook remained fast in his gullet, and he was quickly brought in and flung on deck, where he was awaited by several sailors armed with hatchets and handspikes; for it was well known that Jack Shark, as they called him, would not die without a desperate struggle.

The men formed a respectful, but not an inactive circle around the shark; they manœuvred to get a cut or a blow at the desperate enemy with hatchet or handspike, and at the same time dodged, in order to escape a blow from his tail, reputed to be sufficiently strong to fracture a limb. At length one of the hatchet-men slashed the fish close to the shoulder; but the formidable tail still thundered on the deck. 'Stand clear!' cried a stalwart seaman, at the same time brandishing a handspike. With this weapon he dealt a stunning blow upon the head of the—I could almost say gallant—fish, which turned upon his back, helpless, and in the agony of death. Until it was well ascertained that life was extinct, no one durst approach within reach of the tail; for it is a tradition among seamen that many a leg has been broken by a sudden and last stroke, when it was supposed that the animal was dead. Jack Shark was about four feet in length. Two little sucking-fish (*Remora*) clung to him until the last, and died with him. The sailors made short work of cutting up the fish into large slices, which served them for a fresh mess for several days. The prime pieces were voluntarily set apart for the cabin table; but, by general consent, a dish of such fresh fish was gratefully declined.

I remember that, on the day after the shark hunt, we had, amongst other things, a couple of roasted fowls for dinner. Although we had really a good table daily, sauce was not one of the ordinary accompaniments, so that the appearance of a sauce-tureen created rather a sensation amongst the party. I ought to mention that our excellent captain's sense of smell was very defective. When the lid of the tureen was taken off, a strong fishy odour assailed our olfactory organs.

'Permit me to give you a little sauce with your fowl, Mr A—,' said the captain, taking some up with the ladle.

'Not any, not any, I thank you,' was the hasty reply.

* We substitute this word for fish, which is the one employed by our contributor. The latter term is no doubt sanctioned by popular use, as it is also in the case of the whale; but in this place it might mislead those who are not aware that the dolphin is, in reality, a mammiferous, air-breathing animal, although living in the sea. The misapprehension as to the natural character of the dolphin has, by the way, led to a mistake on the part of the Roman Catholic church, by whom the flesh of the animal is allowed to be eaten on fast-days and in Lent, as being supposed to be fish. So also our continental neighbours used to be allowed the use of hams and geese on these occasions, it being a common belief in the middle ages that these birds were only transformed shell-fish!—*Ed.*

The captain, after having helped another of the party to a wing from the plumpet of the two fowls, was in the act of lolling out some of the sauce, which had now filled the cabin with its odour, when the alarmed guest, lifting up both his hands in a deprecatory manner, cried out, 'No, captain—no fish-sauce! Thank you; no fish-sauce!'

This was too much. We all burst into loud laughter. The captain opened wide his eyes with apparent wonder, whilst his honest features bore the stamp of something like displeasure; but the next minute he joined in the cachinnation most heartily. The gentleman for whom the wing was intended held his plate as far off as possible, and the captain, having approached his investigatory nasal organ more closely to the tureen, pushed it from him with the cry of 'Fish-sauce with a vengeance!' whilst 'No fish-sauce, I thank you!' was re-echoed as rapidly as our increasing laughter would permit. As for me, I was almost convulsed. I never had such a pain in my sides from their being shaken with laughter, and I have had many a pain of that sort, as on that memorable occasion.

'No fish!' I cried. I could not get so far as the sauce. 'No fish—'

The steward and the cabin-boy were leaning against the open door, writhing with stifled laughter; and one of the passengers, who sat on the locker opposite the door, threw himself back in a sort of ecstasy, and pointing to them, exclaimed, 'Look there! No fish-sauce!'

This apostrophe in some measure restored the captain's gravity. 'Steward,' he said in almost his usual tone, 'send for the cook.' The steward vanished. Presently the cook appeared, red-hot from the smoky cabouse, and with his greasy party-coloured woollen cap in his hand. In humble attitude he drew up, like a culprit, close to the door; but the arch cabin-boy gave him a poke in the short ribs as he stood grinning behind, and the poor cook made a forced plunge into the cabin, his head pitching exactly in the direction of the mysterious tureen.

'Cook,' said the captain, 'what is this sauce made of? The passengers all decline partaking of it.'

We were at this moment in various stages of recovery, and anxious for explanation. The cook turned his unctuous cap several times in his hands, scratched his poll just behind one ear, and at last said, with faltering voice, 'It's made of different things, sir: flour—and water, sir; and spice—pepper—salt—and—'

'Well, but what gives it this dark-brown colour?'

'Ah! the brown colour—the brown!' we all cried; 'the rich brown—what's that?' And we relapsed into laughter, though it was not so violent as before. The captain in vain tried to keep his countenance; the cook looked very queer, and at last he caught the infection.

'The—the—brown, sir, is—from the shark's liver—chopped up—and left to simmer, till melted: that makes the sauce so brown and so rich, sir.'

'Take it away—take it away,' cried the captain.

The cook grasped the tureen, and made his escape, saluted by renewed peals, and cries of 'Rich! rich indeed! Shark's liver! why, it's train-oil!'

'We'll try a sauce of my own preparing,' said our excellent captain, who enjoyed the scene as heartily as we did; 'not fish-sauce, I'll warrant. Steward, bring a bottle of that old West India Madeira directly: you know which. I believe there are only a dozen bottles left. It has made three voyages to the West Indies, gentlemen.'

No sooner said than done.

Gentlemen, a glass of Madeira-sauce all round, if you please!'

We hobbled and nobbed, and kept our countenances until we had quaffed the delicious wine, and then finished our dinner, which was seasoned by that best of all sauces, a good appetite, with the additional choice condiments of good-humour and good-fellowship.

But the grand event of the voyage was crossing the

tropical line. This is, or was at the time I am speaking of, the sailors' holiday—the romance of the deep; and it is looked forward to with anxiety by all on board. Great preparations are secretly made by the men for weeks previously for celebrating the festival, and it is an understood thing that the crew are to be allowed to manage everything in their own way. It is very pleasant to see those who, with rare exceptions, faithfully and courageously perform the arduous duties of seamen, enjoying such occasional relaxation of discipline as can consistently be granted. One such day as I am about to describe is, perhaps, sufficient in one voyage; but there are other recreations which they might more frequently enjoy, and which would both cheer them and improve their moral condition.

But to my story. Through the first or second mate, or some other officer, the crew managed to ascertain that, on the following day, the ship would be in north latitude 23½ degrees, which is the line of the tropic of Cancer, and the limit of the sun's northern deviation from the equator; and accordingly, shortly after twelve at noon, when the captain and officers had taken their solar observation, and the latitude of 23 degrees 30 minutes north, proving that the vessel had just crossed the tropical line, had been declared, a hoarse voice was heard hailing the ship. 'Ship a-hoy!' roared the voice in rather an imperative manner. The captain, who was on the quarter-deck with his speaking-trumpet under his arm, seemed surprised, took his telescope and looked out in all directions, apparently extending his investigation to the very verge of the horizon; and no sail being in sight, he, with stentorian voice, increased to twenty-lung power by its passing through the speaking-trumpet, cried, 'Who hails the ship?' Upon this there appeared, as though emerging from the sea, and entering the vessel over the bows, a most singular figure, wearing a capacious wig made of oakum—in imitation of sea-weed—falling over his shoulders, and almost covering his face, which was bedaubed with red, yellow, and black paint. His brawny arms were bare, and also painted with oil-paint, as was his ample chest. Around his waist, and reaching below the knees, was a sort of kilt made of oakum. His bare legs were painted in divers colours, and in his right hand he held a three-pronged weapon called grains, used for striking and catching porpoises. This was a very good imitation of a trident. Slung across his shoulder by a piece of twine was a pouch formed of the upper leather and part of the sole of an old shoe, sticking out of which was a scroll of dirty writing-paper. This grotesque personage was intended to represent Neptune. He was followed by another figure, also bedaubed with paint, and somewhat similarly disguised, who was called his constable.* Striking the deck with his trident, Neptune demanded of the captain, with an air of royal authority, the name of the vessel, whence she came, and whither bound. To all which questions the captain replied with due formality. Then appeared four queer-looking attendants, with oil-painted faces, oakum wigs powdered with flour, and aiguillettes, in imitation of those worn by English footmen, but in this case made of roughly-plaited oakum; and Neptune having seated himself on a gun-carriage, from which the cannon had been removed, was drawn by his four sea-horses—who in a twinkling harnessed themselves with ropes—to the after-part of the ship, where the captain, mates, and passengers were standing. I ought to have said that Neptune's state-carriage was preceded by his constable bearing the British ensign, and waving it with indescribable grace.

* We feel somewhat surprised that no one has ever pointed out the resemblance of this sailors' holiday, in all its dresses, decorations, and proceedings, to the masques of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The era of the first distant voyages by English ships is that of the prevalence of masques. Hence it becomes the more likely that these rough frolics of our seamen are surviving debased examples of this particular class of entertainments, once the favourite pleasure of monarchs and their nobility.—En.

'How d'ye do, captain?' said Neptune.

'Very well, thank ye, Mr Neptune. How are you?'

'Why, so, so. Rather dull, captain. Very few of my children have voyaged this way lately. Besides, my wife Amphitrite scolded me last night for sitting up to keep watch for you; and I can't say that she is in a very good humour this morning.'

'I'm sorry for that,' said the captain.

'Oh, we shall soon make it up,' replied Neptune; and drawing forth from the shoe-pouch a wet and crumpled paper, he called the constable to him, and said, in a commanding style, handing him the paper at the same time, 'Read over the list of my children, Mr Constable.'

That important functionary then unfolded the wet paper, and putting on his nose what he called his spectacles—namely, two large round rings, formed of thick iron wire, and joined together with a piece of twine—he began to read with a gruff voice the names of such passengers and sailors as had not previously crossed the tropic of Cancer: this information had been carefully collected during the voyage. These were his children, and, by usage from time immemorial, were liable to undergo the operation of being shaved, or to pay a fine.

'Now, Mr Barber,' said Neptune; 'now, if you please, begin your work.'

I had caused it to be made known that I should be most happy to pay the exemption-fee, in the shape of two or three bottles of rum, or the price thereof towards a can or more of grog for the crew. This was a matter well understood; still there was a certain ceremony to be gone through by the whole of Neptune's children. So, when my name was called by the constable, and gaily answered to by me, the said amphibious-looking officer politely handed me towards the centre of the vessel—a mid-ships, in nautical language—where the boats are secured during a voyage. The largest of them—that is, the launch—was more than half filled with sea-water, and on one of the seats there was a small barrel, placed on end. By the side of the launch was a ladder, up which I was courteously, yet firmly, invited to step; and when I got to the boat's edge, I was told to seat myself on the round top of the little barrel. Neptune, the constable, and the barber—the latter bare-armed, oakum-wigged, and wearing an apron made of a piece of old tarpaulin—followed. Neptune, trident in hand, and his constable, stood each on a seat of the boat, the constable of course behind his sovereign; and the barber (the identical cook who made the shark's-liver sauce) placed himself on that immediately in front of me, having in his right hand a piece of rusty iron hoop, more than a foot in length, and jagged at one edge like a saw. By his side was a bucket, filled with a composition, as I afterwards found, of tar, grease, and rubbish, and a large painter's brush sticking in it. At first I did not much like these preparations; however, I put the best face on the matter, feeling assured that no mischief was intended; for I had reason to think that I was rather a favourite with the crew.

'Now, Mr Barber,' said Neptune, 'lather Mr — with some of the best scented soap, and mind you shave him tenderly.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the barber; and seizing a little earthen pot which stood on the top of the adhesive contents of the bucket, he scooped out of it, with his forefinger, some whitish greasy stuff; it was, in fact, what the sailors call slush, being the skimming of the caldron in which the fat pork was boiled for the men's dinners. This was the *best scented soap*; and the barber dabbed it on each side of my upper lip, and then, with the back part of the iron-hoop—not the saw-like side—he gently scraped it off, saying, 'That will do, sir; I hope I have shaved your honour to your satisfaction.'

'Perfectly so,' said I; 'and I am very much obliged to you.'

Neptune and the constable then kissed me, as one of

the sea-god's children; and I made the best of my way to the deck, and to the after-part of the ship. The other passengers went through a similar ceremony; but when it came to the turn of those of the crew who had not before crossed the tropical line, the case was very different. No sooner was the 'child' seated on the little tottering cask, than a portion of the contents of the bucket was scrubbed into his face by the barber with the bristly painting-brush, and then scraped off with the serrated side of the rusty iron hoop. It fetched blood; and whilst smarting under the effect of this rough operation, the barrel was silly knocked from under the 'child,' who fell sprawling into the water, in which, in spite of his struggles, he was kept down for a time by the constable and barber; and when, having escaped from their clutches, he was stepping down the ladder, a briny deluge fell upon him from aloft, where some of the old hands were stationed with buckets filled with sea-water, which they emptied upon the devoted heads of the shaven and shorn novices.

All, however, was taken in good part; and in the evening the crew, having had their supper, and enjoyed their grog, danced reels and hornpipes on deck to the sound of a fife played by one of the men. Later in the evening, one of the sailors, a well-spoken man, came aft, and respectfully invited the passengers to visit them in their parlour, as he said. We readily accepted the invitation, and were duly introduced into the fore-castle. Most of the ship's company were seated on chests and coils of rope, and after apologising for the modest accommodation they could afford us, they made seats for us in the most commodious places, and then presented us with some grog in tin cups. We took a little of it, after wishing health to those good-hearted seamen, to whose diligence, watchfulness, and courage we were in a great measure indebted for our safe passage over the fathomless ocean: they drank to our healths in return.

But where was Neptune? Alas! he was coiled up in a corner like a great hempen cable, his enormous oakum wig almost covering his whole shortened and twisted body. He had had too much exertion and too much grog in his regal capacity, and had first fallen down from being top-heavy, and afterwards had fallen asleep.

The next day, and for the remainder of the voyage, all went on again in the usual routine. The crew had enjoyed their holiday, and resumed their ordinary course of duties with cheerfulness and alacrity.

POPULAR LECTURING.

THE rapid increase of population in this country, and its collection in large towns, which have been created by the sudden development of our manufacturing system, have given birth to many new social relations, and led to the establishment of various institutions, altogether peculiar to the present age. The inhabitants of our large manufacturing towns, whose education must embrace modern rather than ancient things, and be directed to the living languages rather than to the dead, are obliged, in many instances, to pass by our old colleges and schools, most of which possess little power of expansion or modification, and establish others more in harmony with modern wants. Accordingly, in these towns have been founded many societies for the acquisition and diffusion of useful knowledge, which, though wanting the permanence and stability derived from charters and endowments, are yet, to a certain extent, supplying popular wants, and have been very instrumental in diffusing information in places and among men whom it would not, perhaps, have otherwise reached.

In all these societies public lectures have been chosen as one of the means for diffusing knowledge. This mode of conveying instruction is nearly as old as instruction itself. All great truths have been made public in this

manner, and in all colleges the lecturing system has been adopted. Its efficiency is manifest from its age. But when it was adopted by recent institutions, its tendency was entirely changed. In colleges, where the audience consists of students who wish to become complete masters of the subject, the lectures are continued in succession over a long period of time, until knowledge of the particular branch of study has been exhausted; in popular institutions, where the audience in general wish to obtain nothing more than an outline of the subject, the lectures are few in number, and of a kind calculated to awaken further inquiry, and create the desire for more extended knowledge.

The information communicated in popular lectures must therefore be superficial; it is impossible that it can be profound. The knowledge acquired by the study and research of six years cannot be conveyed, even by the cleverest and least discursive man, in six lectures; and it would be unreasonable to suppose that a member of a popular institution, who had attended its lectures regularly for a few years, will have acquired a competent knowledge of the circle of the sciences. Such results are not expected; but by the popular lecturing system, as it has hitherto been pursued, much miscellaneous information has been diffused among the ignorant; and its beneficial effects are to be estimated not so much by the knowledge actually imparted, as by the efforts to which that knowledge has given rise. There are cases, well known in many institutions, where young men have acquired distinction by following up in private the information obtained in the lecture-room.

The nature of the public institutions in which lectures are delivered, renders it necessary that the lectures on each subject should be few in number, and the variety of the subjects great. With the public of the present day, 'brevity' is not only 'the soul of wit,' but apparently the soul of every other thing. 'Long-winded' discourses are no longer fashionable; the public will listen only to those that are brief. Long courses of lectures are never well attended; people who have not a direct interest in the subject soon tire of the same theme, and therefore the extent of each course is very limited. Popular lecturing must, in a great measure, be adapted to popular taste, and without entirely yielding to its influence, endeavour to give it a better direction. It is interesting to observe the manner in which these institutions adapt themselves to the public mind. A few cases may be cited from large English towns. Sixty-seven lectures were delivered at the Manchester Athenæum during the year 1844 on eighteen different subjects; twenty-seven at the Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society of Leeds on six different subjects; eighteen at the Preston Institution for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge on thirteen different subjects; and during the year 1845, eighty-seven lectures on twenty-one different subjects were delivered in the Mechanics' Institution of Liverpool. The information conveyed in these lectures must necessarily have been great, but diffuse, and unless a member chose to absent himself intentionally from some courses, the constant change from one subject to another must have interrupted, if it did not destroy, the trains of thought that the hearing of some of them would awaken. If all these lectures, however varied in subject, had a systematic bearing on each other, they would have a stronger educational influence; but neither the taste of the public, nor the arrangements of lecturers, render it possible for any institution to adopt such a plan. Indeed, considering that a regular supply of lectures must be made for

each year, it is surprising to find such excellent lists in the reports of these institutions. The variety of the subjects may be illustrated by a few cases chosen at random. In Liverpool, courses succeeded each other on monastic institutions, the progress of the lyric drama, astronomy, and the men and times of the Commonwealth: in Manchester, the subjects presented in succession at the beginning of 1844 were optics, oratorical readings, natural history, civil history, Athens and Ancient Greece, painting, America, education, and readings from Shakespeare. At provincial institutions, it does not often happen that one course of lectures is commenced before another is finished; in London, however, this often occurs. For example, at the London Mechanics' Institution, in the autumn of last year, a lecture on comets was delivered between two on natural magic; the 'early history of steam power' was interrupted by a 'selection of old English melodies'; and four 'on the natural history of plants yielding food,' alternated with lectures on a 'new atmospheric power,' geology, and 'the popular songs of the present century.' This peculiarity in the London institutions is accounted for by the circumstance that the majority of professional lecturers live in London, and larger intervals may therefore, without inconvenience to them, elapse between the delivery of their several lectures. These lecture arrangements are quite in harmony with the intellectual demands of our age. All men do not wish, and do not require, to be profound students. People do not, and cannot know everything; but so long as the present state of public taste exists, so long will the public expect from popular lectures a little information about many things.

The popularity of lectures varies according to the subject. The experience of every institution shows that science is *least* and music *most* popular with general audiences. It is certainly matter of regret that the most useful lectures are not the most popular, yet it need not excite surprise. The life of nearly all classes in our manufacturing and commercial towns is so harassing and full of excitement, that it requires to be varied by some pleasing amusement, by some soothing influence, such as music possesses. Quiet men of thought love and appreciate scientific lectures, but bustling commercial men are more indifferent to them. A scientific lecture is a relief from private study, and so a musical concert is a relief from anxious business. Literary lectures rank next to musical in popularity. Poetical readings, if by a well-known man, are very attractive; and literary criticism, if it embraces much narrative, and introduces many illustrative anecdotes, is highly popular. Scientific lectures, with experiments, are tolerably well attended; but the experiments seem, with a large portion of the audience, to be the main attraction.

But the popularity of lectures depends nearly as much upon the lecturer as upon the subject. An inferior course from a man who has acquired a reputation, will perhaps be better attended than a superior course from a man who has yet a reputation to acquire. The public are, however, very acute judges of a popular lecturer, and a man of talent is certain to be quickly and properly appreciated. The Shakspearian readings of Charles Kemble are always better attended than any others. When Dr Lardner, in the height of his popularity, lectured on scientific subjects, his audiences were always large; and no lectures on the fine arts were better attended than those by the late lamented B. R. Haydon.

What has here been said applies generally to manufacturing towns: public taste in all is usually in the same direction. In other towns, where the population contains a greater proportion of the well-educated classes, there is a greater relish for lectures embodying more thought and research. With an educated audience, a lecturer does not require to resort to any of the small devices necessary to fix and keep attention.

The lecturers engaged at these institutions are a

numerous and varied class. They may be divided into the amateur and the professional. The former are found in all towns; the latter are chiefly resident in London. All the amateur lecturers are men of good education, who have had their minds directed to some particular study, or who have considerable leisure time, and devote a portion of it to promote popular education in this manner. They are usually connected with the institutions as members, or associated in their management, and embrace clergymen of all denominations, teachers, bankers, lawyers, physicians, and others. Several master-manufacturers, employing large numbers of work-people, have delivered lectures at these institutions; and members of parliament have likewise assisted popular education in this manner. In the lists of lectures delivered at the Wakefield Institution, the name of R. M. Milnes, Esq. M.P. appears; and 'the health of towns' was made the subject of a lecture at the Mechanics' Institution of Plymouth, by Viscount Ebrington, M.P. In Yorkshire, where there are many such institutions, the majority of the lectures delivered are gratuitous. Their subjects are in some cases peculiar, and worthy of notice. One gentleman delivered six lectures descriptive of his own travels through the East; at another institution, the well-known Dr Wolff delivered one lecture 'on his journey to Bokhara, Balkh, Afghanistan, and Kashmir.' The following also appear among the subjects chosen:— 'On Wakefield Old Church, from foundation-stone to spire top'; 'On the spirit of the student, and the combination of amusement with study in mechanics' institutions'; 'On the attainability of literature by the working-classes'; 'On the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge under difficulties'; and in one institution a lecture was delivered on the historical works contained in its library.

Professional lecturers have generally permanent engagements for a portion of the year at the many educational establishments in London, and usually devote their holidays to lecturing in provincial towns. It is only from such men that complete and correct popular scientific courses of lectures can be obtained. Each has selected a subject, or class of subjects, of which he makes it his business to obtain a thorough knowledge, and to acquire a ready and pleasing mode of conveying his knowledge to others. Many of those who lecture on scientific subjects possess very extensive suites of apparatus, which illustrate their subjects far more powerfully than words can possibly do. This apparatus is both delicate and expensive; and so anxious are they to make their lectures as perfect as possible, that they will often exhibit some important scientific instrument that may be the first and only one of the kind. Their lectures are always abreast with the progress of invention and discovery. Nay, before the electric telegraph had come into general use, its construction and mode of working had been explained by popular lecturers. They have made the population of the principal towns in England acquainted with the principle of atmospheric railways; and a description of Lord Rosse's telescope, and of the wonders it has revealed, has already been given to a large audience from a lecturer's platform. Every discovery becomes registered, not only in official records or printed publications, but also in the syllabus of the professional lecturer, and is by him explained to hundreds and thousands in a clearer and more satisfactory manner than is possible in written language.

Professional lecturing, like most other intellectual pursuits, is not very lucrative. We seldom hear of lecturers dying rich. Those resident in London receive generally from two to four guineas each lecture, and they are usually paid five guineas per lecture at provincial institutions. Their terms are, however, varied according to the nature of the subject, the number of lectures, and the simultaneous engagements which they may obtain in the same neighbourhood. The number of those entirely dependent on occasional engagements

at institutions is very small, and the others are generally young men of talent and ability, who have yet to make their way in the world, and to whom popular lecturing serves the double purpose of obtaining money and of making for themselves a reputation.

GRISELDA.

SUCH power has the poet of giving to his ideal characters a living place in our hearts, that there are few who do not associate the name of Griselda with all that is meekly enduring and lovely in woman. The Italian scholar recalls the stories of Petrarch and Boccaccio; the student of our earlier English literature thinks of the clerk's legend in the immortal Canterbury Tales; and those who have been repelled by the obsolete phraseology of Chaucer from studying his works, may be familiar with modern paraphrases of them. Many of our readers must be acquainted with Mr Saunders's Tales from Chaucer, in Knight's Weekly Volume; and we have recently met with a modern version of the same story. A contrast between the two will not, we hope, be without interest.

As Chaucer's tale is generally known, we need only advert to its leading features. We are introduced to a young marquis living in Lombardy, in feudal state, among a people to whom his will was law. The only complaint they made was, that he remained unmarried; for they feared that his race would become extinct. He is moved by their urgent remonstrances; and whilst he declines their kind offer to select a wife for him, he promises to wed by a certain day, on condition that they would honour, without a murmur, whomsoever he might choose. To this they readily assent.

The marquis had seen, in hunting, a young maiden, within whose tender breast 'there was enclosed sad and ripe courage,' and who cherished her aged father, a poor shepherd, with all reverence and diligence. The day for the nuptials arrives; no bride seems forthcoming, and the faithful lieges are disappointed and alarmed; and yet the young lord rides in pomp, as one who was about to bring home his lady. He stops near the cottage of Griselda, who was looking on the show. He addresses her.

With sad countenance she kneeleth still,
Till she had heard what was the lord's will.

At his desire she calls her father, and, after a short conversation with him, he thus makes his offer:—

'Be ye ready, with good heart,
To all my list [pleasure]; and that I freely may,
As one best thinketh, do you laugh or smart,
And never ye to grutchens [murmur], night nor day,
And eke when I say Yea, ye say not Nay,
Neither by word nor frowning countenance?
Swear this, and here I swear our Alliance.'

Few women in the present day, we apprehend, would choose to agree to such a demand. Griselda, however, thinks it no more than is due to her feudal lord and master, vows assent, and, what is more, does it with the most perfect sincerity. The marquis makes her his bride: she is splendidly attired; and her grace and beauty, her dignity, wisdom, and goodness, which prove her to be fully equal to her new station, not only reconcile the people to the match their lord has made, but lead them to applaud his discretion. He soon shows, however, that he has no taste for a tranquil happiness, of which he is not worthy. He is seized by an inordinate longing to test her steadfastness to him. He goes to her, reminds her of her humble lineage, and pretends that the people, since the birth of her infant daughter, have murmured at her low origin, and that he is therefore resolved, with her consent, to make away with it. She meekly replies that she and the child are both his, to do according to his pleasure. He then sends a cruel servant to take it away, who adds a fresh wound to her feelings, by not even promising to bury the little body where neither beasts nor birds may tear it. By his lord's command he carries it secretly to his sister,

the Countess of Pavia. Grisilde never mentions the child, but seems to her husband

As glad, as humble, as busy in service,
And eke in love as she was wont to be.

Six years elapse, and there is a little son, two years old. The old hankering gnaws the marquis, and the former scene is repeated; but nothing can impair the ready submission of the dutiful wife.

'Not grieveth me at all,
Though that my daughter and my son be slain
At your commandment; that is to sain,
I have not had no part of children twain,
But first sickness, and after we and pain.
Ye be my lord, dooth with your own thing
Right as you list; asketh no rede [advice] of me:
For as I left at home all my clothing
When I came first to you, right so,' quoth she,
'Left I my will and all my liberty,
And took your clothing; wherefore I you pray,
Do your pleasance, I will your list obey.'

Five years more elapse. The marquis desires to see his children again, but he cannot resist the temptation of giving his wife's endurance a final trial. He now pretends that his people require him to wed a lady of rank, that he may have noble heirs, and that Grisilde must return to her home. To put her 'to the uttermost proof of her courage,' he gives his sentence 'full boisterously, in open audience,' praising her good qualities, but mockingly desiring her to take with her, to her father's house, the dower she brought him. She answers with unruffled meekness, she never held herself lady or mistress, but humble servant to his worthiness. The mention of her dower reminds her of her wedding-day—

'Oh, good God! how gentle and how kind
Ye seemed by your speech and your visage
The day that maketh was our marriage!
But sooth is said, algate [always] I find it true—
For in effect it proved is on me—
Love is not old, as when that it is new;
But certes, Lord, for no adversity,
To dien in this case, it shall not be
That ever in word or heart I shall repent
That I you gave my heart in whole intent.'

And so, stripped to her smock, with tearless eye, whilst 'the folk her followen, weepen on their way,' she returns to her aged father, who curses the day of his birth. But she shows no repining after her high estate; because, in the midst of it, she had been 'discreet and pious.'

The expected bride at length draws near; and, as a last trial, the marquis orders Grisilde to return to the castle, to superintend his servants in making ready for her successor. She still shows a perfect forgetfulness of self, and that it is her first desire to do everything to serve and please him. She receives the lady and her brother with the utmost grace, unabashed by her rude attire; and in answer to the question of the marquis, how she likes his bride, she praises her beauty, and wishes her prosperity: wisely adding—

'One thing beseech I you, and warn also,
That ye ne pricke with no tormenting
This tender maiden as ye have done us [us];
For she is fostered in her nourishing
More tenderly, and to my supping
She might not adversity endure
As could a poor fostered creature.'

When the 'sturdy marquis' perceived her cheerful patience, and contrasted his offences to her with her innocence and constancy, he took her in his arms, and kissed her—desiring her to be no more afraid, for he had tried her faith and benignity. She heard him not for wonder, but seemed like one starting out of sleep. Then he tells her that the fair lady and her brother are her own children, and she swoons 'for piteous joy,' and afterwards calls them to her; and all her motherly affection breaks forth unrestrained. She cares not now when she dies, since her lord hath saved her children dear, and she stands in his love and grace. And now sorrow and trial have passed, and all is rejoicing and delight.

Although the reader is carried away by the power of the poet, and the tale abounds in the most beautiful touches, we feel the necessity of his quaint and antique diction to recall us to times far different from our own. Grisilde's love is of a nature that we should not approve now. It is idolatry. She will see no fault in her lord, and indirectly encourages his selfishness and pride. We give unqualified admiration to her when she returns so meekly to her cottage; whilst we wonder that she could maintain such intense affection for one who was treating her with such wanton ignominy; for even had his people constrained him to dismiss her, he need not have sent her home in so woful a plight. But we cannot quite reconcile ourselves to the calm manner in which she accedes to the murder of her children. What she should have said appears to be, 'If your vassals disapprove your choice, alay not your innocent child, but banish me with it; for I am the cause of their complaint.' We feel that she is a perfect wife, according to the ideal of the times; but that ideal is not ours. She is a loving slave, not the partner of his life. Moreover, it requires some philosophising to account for the caprice of the husband, which comes on at intervals of five or six years; and though the story has such a happy conclusion, we cannot resist the private foreboding, that another fit of this intermittent fever may seize on him again; and the hardness of heart which could reconcile him to such a prolonged absence from his children, and such a constant sense of his wife's loneliness, does not promise much for their future felicity.

We admire Chaucer's Grisilde as the creation of a chivalric age, and as the impersonation of what we deem a mistaken though beautiful and devoted loyalty. A modern German writer, Friedrich Halm, has written a drama, of which Griselda is the heroine, which appears to us true, not to a conventional idea, but to universal human nature.

In the first act we are conducted to the city of Caerleon, where the renowned King Arthur is holding a festival. Percival, the hero, is seen once more at court, after a three years' absence—

A shaggy bear-skin o'er his shoulders thrown,
With a rough doubt of the wild bull's hide—

and, in a conversation with his friend Tristan, we discover the proud overbearing character of 'the giant-slayer.' He loves best to dwell where he is lord and king. In a woman he looks not for wisdom, but 'pre-found submission to her husband's will.' He speaks of his wife as faithful and true; but

'Wore she even angel-pinions on her shoulders,
A wife—a child—suffice not for this breast.'

He is restless and gloomy; he says—

'I'm weary of content; unmingled sweetness
Has made me long for gall; my boathing mind,
As the cloyed palate longs for pungent spices,
Pines for some cross event to rouse its powers.'

The next scene introduces us to a splendid array of knights and ladies, among others to Arthur's queen, Geneva, who is described by her lover, Launcelot, as wrathful even in misery, false in her smiles, and deceptive in her tears. She is the temptress who is to instigate Percival to a trial which, self-willed as he was, he would not have imagined of his own accord. She sees our hero, and, struck with his uncourtly attire, longs to question him respecting his marriage. He approaches, heated with wine—

His pulses lightly throb, and, winged for flight,
His every secret hovers on his lip.

When asked whether the report concerning him were true, he replies—

'Yes, certainly!
You think I am ashamed of it? No, never!
Shall I deny my wife, my own Griselda?
No lovelier woman ever graced the earth;
Yet beauty is the smallest of her charms;
For she is pious, modest as a virgin,
Meek as a lamb, and full of truth and kindness.'

Simple and plain, yet quick and clear of thought.
I have seen many women—ne'er a better!
What matter if she be a collier's child,
Or have the blood of nobles in her veins?

All are astonished, and rejoice in what they deem his humiliation; but resolve to conceal their contempt till they have satisfied their curiosity. He proceeds to give a history of his marriage. His people had importuned him to wed; but he remarks, apparently quite unconscious, or at least careless of the insult he was offering, that he had found the ladies at court

'Malicious, artful, and inexorable,
Self-willed and vain, yet void of faith and courage.'

He gives an extremely engaging picture of the maiden, and the circumstances in which he first found her; which is, however, too long to extract in full, and too beautiful to be curtailed. She promises obedience to him as to her lord, and his vassals receive her joyfully. When his tale is ended, offended pride bursts forth on the part of the ladies, which goads on Percival to insult the queen. A conflict between him and Lancelot is checked by the arrival of Arthur. Percival will not retract his words: she had scorned the mother of his child—

'And every sacred feeling of "his" breast
Poisoned, polluted with her empty wit,'

and he declares, on his oath, that his wife is

'Richer in all that can adorn the soul
Than e'er another woman boasts herself.'

After some further altercation, Genovra declares her readiness to kneel to the 'collier's child' if she can stand the test of her virtues which she will prescribe; but if she fail, Percival must kneel at the feet of the queen. 'Sooner,' says the haughty chieftain, 'the north pole shall the south pole kiss;' but, in full confidence as to the issue, he accepts the trial. Arthur remonstrates with him on his selfish acquiescence—

'To spare yourself one little drop of gall,
You give Griselda the o'erflowing cup.'

But he is determined—

'Her breast, indeed,
May bitter we and sharpest sorrow pierce,
When she shall tread the thorny path of trial;
But for my sake she will accomplish it,
And she shall prove to all what love can do.'

The next act introduces us to Griselda, who has sent a messenger to appease the wrath of her old blind father, Cedric, whom Percival had expelled from the castle for having, with stubborn temper, denied him the fitting reverence; and who was enraged with his daughter because she had not come to receive her mother's dying blessing at a time when her husband was so ill, that she could not leave him. Cedric adds an additional interest to the drama. He was

Easy to chafe, and hard to be appeased;

and we see that Griselda was trained, by filial love to him, to bear the domineering temper of her husband. After she has heard that nothing can soften the old man, she is wrapped in anxious musing as to whether she had done right. She feels that she is innocent of any undue subservency. It was not the rank of Percival which bound her to him; but the love he bears her claims her heart, her life, unlimited, entire.

And now comes the first trial. Griselda is to give up her son; and two knights accompany Percival from the court, to see that the queen's conditions are fulfilled. She greets him with the tenderest and most ardent attachment, and he thinks that she will refuse him nothing: but he does not know the love she bears likewise to her child. Rather than part with it, she would lose her life; and if the father will not shield it, she will—a woman, but a mother. Percival now declares that his own life will be the forfeiture of her disobedience; and it is only to save him that, with a grievous struggle, she gives up the child. Griselda is not, like her namesake in Chaucer, 'as glad as she was wont to be'

in her outward demeanour. It is evident that her heart has felt a wound that will not shortly heal. The knights are moved to tears, and Percival relents. But not for his life, nor for the hope of Heaven, would he kneel to the queen; and he consoles himself with the idea that the tears of women are like the showers which brighten the meadows—

'Her life, in future, shall one rapture be;
Much I demand, and you may call me hard,
But I am one who also can reward!'

And now the banners and weapons of his vassals are seen on the mountains and valleys, for they are assembled to witness the second trial. Griselda must be sent to her home, with nothing but the rude woollen garment she wore of old; for thus the king commands that Percival marry Morgane, Arthur's sister. Griselda looks on these afflictions as proceeding from the King of kings, who designs to try the strength of her presumptuous heart. Many a silent night her spirit had foreshadowed calamity, for her bliss was too rapturous for this life. She believes that her husband shares with her the bitter grief of parting, and resolves to force no fruitless tears from him by complaints. She goes, taking at his command her own—her apron and woollen garment.

'What was besides my own,' she says,
Youth's joyous thoughts, the bloom of innocence,
The hopeful, trusting spirit—for these treasures
I have received from thee far sweeter joys,
And all the after-pleasures of remembrance.
In one thing only thou remain'st my debtor,
For my love still remains behind with thee.'

And so she departs, amidst the tears of the indignant vassals, showering blessings on the head of him in whose sincere affections she still confided.

Her touching farewell makes Percival deeply regret that he had 'repaid her love with wo, and changed her pure soul's gentle harmony to jarring discord;' but he has no time to give way to remorse, for the queen arrives to put Griselda's virtue to the third proof. He would fain have her rest satisfied with the previous trials, and accept his contrition for what he had said and done; but she, who thinks that there is 'truth in hate, but none in love,' supposes that he shrinks from doubting the result, and holds to her stipulation. Let him kneel, and all shall be well. But no; this seemed an impossibility: great as is his pity for Griselda, it is not to compete with his honour.

The fourth act brings before us the stern and earnest Cedric. He does not express the compassion which nature must have awakened for his daughter; and now she comes before him an outcast, but he mocks her—

'His handmaid only wast thou—not his wife;
And like a servant art thou thrust away.'

In vain does she show the purity of her love: he will not refuse her an asylum—

'But no more shall thy arm support thy steps,
Thy glance no more shall read into my soul;
Thou art my guest now—thou hast been my child.'

He leaves her to her own heart-communings; and she calls on the 'milder Father, throned above in light!' who knows her heart. Still she has one solace—

Although by midnight darkness compassed round,
The changeless star of love is not yet set.

Percival doubtless mourns for her, as she for him. And now her husband draws near. The queen is concealed in the neighbouring bushes, to witness the last trial. Percival professes to be the victim of the king's displeasure; will she give him shelter, though he

'Gave up her child, and sternly cast her off,
And robbed her life of all that made it sweet?'

'And was it thy will,' she replies, 'to grieve my heart?'

'And is it time on my own fate to think,
When mine hangs tottering on the chasm's brink?'

She must preserve him. She directs him to a cave, and though the queen, who suddenly appears, threatens her with death unless she reveals his lurking-place, she is

constant. It was true that he had cast her from the pinnacle of earthly bliss, but

'What worth could love be then if it gave not
More than it has received—if it bore not
More than it has imposed—if it stood not
A rock amidst the strife of warring winds—
If, in misfortune, it remained not firm,
The last stronghold of hope—what, then, were love?'

Genevra at length confesses that she has found the truest wife in England; but her cheeks glow with shame, for

To her, the collier's daughter, she must kneel.

And now comes the last act of this eventful history. King Arthur arrives, hoping that he might have been in time to have prevented this hateful strife. Percival thinks that his happiest hour is on the stroke. His wife loves him, and will forgive his wrongs; her praise shall burst from every tongue, and his love to her shall be 'measureless as the blue unbounded heaven.' Into the hall, which is adorned with festal wreaths, Griselda is led in her woollen gown, with the aged Cedric. When she sees the king, she implores him to save Percival; but he tells her that she had been the victim of deceit. And now—how must the story end? Will Griselda, who feels that love is the only requital that can be made for love, be recompensed for her agony by the fame that is to attend her? Will she, who has been sustained throughout by the conviction that her husband's attachment is as devoted as her own, be able to endure the revulge of feeling which the disclosure of his heartlessness must cause? Was the bitter grief which with her life she nourished, which devoured it, an empty show? One of the queen's ladies aggravates her distress, by telling her that her sufferings were but a carnival diversion; and Percival, in his eagerness to make her forget the past, bids her think no more of the 'sport' which all her worth had proved. The queen kneels before her, which her husband views with proud delight; but Griselda declares that all the deadly pangs she had endured were far less bitter than what she has to bear now. Then she had *trust*; now she has none. 'My heart,' she says to him, 'was thine; thou ne'er hast understood it. In thy hand it is broken. Thou couldst sport with its pure tenderness, couldst make a boast of its fidelity and its devotion—'

'No, thou hast never loved me! Passed away
Is now the blissful vision of my life!'

She forgives him for the anguish he had caused; hopes that he may be happy; but, to his astonishment, and despite his urgent prayers, insists on passing the remainder of a blighted life with her child, in the cottage of her father, who bids her drink of the pure spring of love which flows in his heart.

We confess ourselves among the number of those who like tales to 'end well'; and yet we know not how it could terminate differently. Percival is evidently unworthy of such a wife. His ruling passion is pride. He thinks death better than contempt, and supposes that the honour she will acquire will recompense Griselda for her sufferings. And yet we pity him. The trial has done him good. Though he thinks that he had foreseen her tears, they evidently move him more than he expected. In the agony of her spirit she catches at the word he hastily utters—that it was *sport*; but he does not do himself justice. He engaged in the trial when heated by wine and passion, and in defence of her high qualities, though it was indeed through a regard for her as part of himself; and knightly pride prevents him from retracting. When, for the third time, he tests her love, he exclaims—

'Oh that my word compels me to this trial!
That to the selfish longing of my soul
To revel in her overflowing love,
Her bliss I've sacrificed, and mine with hers;
But for this phantom honour, I'd say No!
And to all England bid a proud defiance!'

There is something far more noble in his nature than

in that of the queen, who is justly deserted by her lover Launcelot, who has been taught by Griselda that

Beauty alone is not the greatest charm;
Nor sprightly wit the soul's most precious gift.

Poor Griselda! and yet we love and respect her more in her sorrows than her prototype in her happy ease. Her love is a pure, but not a blind devotion; and she feels that there is something higher and nobler than a servile, however ardent attachment.

We think that our readers will agree with us that the characters are far more natural than Chaucer's. There is nothing inconceivable in the conduct of the knight, who is hurried on, under strong excitement, to trials of his wife's affection, which last only for a day; and nothing but what is truly religious, dignified, and noble, as well as self-sacrificing, devoted, and humble, in the love of Griselda. Our extracts have rather had in view to illustrate the story, than to show specimens of the beauty of the poem, which we commend to the perusal of our readers.* All that the translator modestly asks, is credit for literalness of rendering. We may state that the piece is elegant and beautiful. Save for one or two geographical errors (such as making the Trent a Welsh river, and Staffordshire close to Wales), there is nothing to indicate a foreign origin.

MY FRIEND, THE POLYTECHNIST.

My friend Baldric Grant goes among his acquaintance by the name of the ingenious man. He resides in the suburbs of a certain great city, just out of the smoke, the dust, and the turmoil, yet within an easy distance of it, so as to have the benefit of the mechanical and scientific facilities which only a large town affords, and at the same time enjoy a due share of the healthful qualities of the country, about which Mr Grant is not less solicitous. His house could be distinguished out of a thousand. To begin with the chimneys. There are three flues, capped with the most curious contrivances, in the shape of smoke-curers, that can possibly be conceived; one strongly resembling a beer barrel, having a hole at each end, and an arrow above; a second wearing the appearance of a lady's bonnet, surmounted by a pigeon in zinc; while the third is of so nondescript a character, as to stamp it with Mr Grant's fecit as legibly as if it had been painted thereon. The remaining flues are so mystified with levers, and wires, and iron plates, intended to put an effectual stop to their mouths, in the event of any back smoke descending, that the respectable mechanician who undertakes the sweeping department is continually compelled to summon in Mr Grant's aid and counsel upon that hazardous operation. Each stack of chimneys is ornamented with a long upright iron rod, bearing a double copper spike at its extremity, and altogether displaying a most suspicious resemblance to a useful culinary instrument in requisition for tea-cakes, only on a gigantic scale. Another iron rod runs all down the front of the house, stopping at the dining-room, where it appears to be attached to a combination of cog-wheels, which move a second iron rod, and this penetrates the wall. At its upper end, the rod carries a wind vane, somewhat like an open pair of bellows. Besides these, there is a vast tin soup-plate, with a pipe in its centre, which carries down rain and hall into a graduated basin. Mr Grant is to be seen weekly at the top of his house, going over all these pieces of mechanism, looking through his spectacles, and making little notes in a large pocket-book; and when he descends, he is able to tell one to a drop how much rain

* *Griselda*, a Dramatic Poem, translated from the German of Friedrich Halm, by Q. E. D. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

fell during the week. His door-lamp is a good study, not only from the elegance of its shape, but from the peculiar contrivances it exhibits. Thus there are a smoke-consuming gas-burner, and a smoke-conveying funnel, and sundry other appurtenances, having reference to the intensity of the light, which no ordinary lamp can boast of. The neighbours laugh at it, adhering, with pig-headed perverseness, to the commonest and rudest forms of lights; but the laugh is on Mr Grant's side in reality, for his hall is never smothered with smoke, or his classic portico begrimed with soot. The knocker is a bit of a curiosity, of a hybrid constitution, being a cross between an ordinary knocker and a bell-pull, and performing the double duties of knocking and ringing simultaneously.

On entering the house, there are evidences, even in the hall, of the refined taste and remarkable ingenuity of the inhabitant. In the centre stands a hot-air stove of Mr Grant's invention, simple in form, yet elegant, and of unparalleled utility, seeing that it diffuses the breath of summer through the whole mansion. No list margins or sand-bags are required for the doors of Mr Grant's sitting-rooms. When they are opened, no rush of cold air enters. Catarrhs and rheumatisms are unknown in the family. Nor is this all; for the constant genial temperature keeps a mass of in-door plants in undying beauty, so that the house is redolent with perfume all the year round.

The parlour does not strike one at first as containing anything extraordinary, though the furniture, decorations, and ornaments harmonise, and are in the best taste. But upon a closer scrutiny, Mr Grant's ingenuity discloses itself in numberless contrivances and nick-knackeries. Thus there is an ivory index at the side of the fireplace, on which are engraved 'Coals, Water, Visitors, James, Grace.' This is connected with the bell-pull, and answers to a corresponding index in the kitchen, and in the servants' hall, so that orders are conveyed almost like magic. Then there is an apparatus for catching all the dust of the fire, and sifting out all the cinders. Mr Grant, moreover, is a great practical ventilator, and has succeeded in bringing in fresh air from the outside of the house, through a pipe which, passing behind the fireplace, obtains, by a simple contrivance there placed, sufficient heat to give it a comfortable temperature, and enters the room in the centre of the floor, opening by a perforated plate. The perforations corresponding to some of the designs of the carpet, make the apparatus almost invisible; while again the central ceiling ornament is made to conceal an exit pipe which has communication with the chimney. Attention is arrested by some singular brass mechanism fixed against the wall near the ceiling. Similar pieces of mechanism are to be found in every apartment in the house. It is a fire alarm—I need not say of whose construction or design. They all communicate with some clock-work at the head of the staircase, near the bedrooms, and would, in the event of the occurrence of fire in any room, however remote, set a great gong at work, under which it must be one of the Seven Sleepers only who could rest undisturbed. In little niches scooped out of the wall are placed, with the most charming good taste, various objects of *virtù*, one or two casts from the antique, and a few models, some of ancient, some of modern structures. Among the latter is a model of a dwelling-house, furnished with all Mr Grant's domestic appliances and improvements, not forgetting even the anti-smoke cowls on the chimney tops. This model takes to pieces, and on many a quiet

winter's evening forms the subject of an interesting discussion with some new friend: it is a subject upon which good Mr Grant never was known to grow weary.

Possibly a better idea of the exsursiveness of Mr Grant's inventive talent will appear from an account of a morning spent with him, than from any more formal detail. After a liberal use of the hybrid knocker, I was admitted, and welcomed by Mr Grant and his eldest son in the hall. We then entered the breakfast room, at other times his peculiar sanctum, where we found Mrs Grant and the children waiting for us. It was amusing to observe how perfectly familiar they appeared to be with the different objects of singular appearance which surrounded us, while ordinary children would have been all eyes and mouths thereat. I found one young Grant, who had evidently followed his father's steps *con amore*, intently engaged in getting up the steam of a small steam-engine placed in a corner of the apartment. This was to me a good omen of what would follow.

As for the manna of the establishment, she is just the reverse of her husband. I don't suppose she ever invented so much as a new pattern in anything in all her life; her forte lies in being thoroughly well-versed in the beaten track of things; but she is an invaluable wife to my friend Baldrick, who, with all his erratic temperament, is chiefly guided by her prudence, and submissive to her gentle exhortations. He feels that the restraint she exercises over his tendency to extravagance is of incalculable value to them both; and while this is the case, she nevertheless, at every fresh discovery, exhibits such an innocent, child-like wonder, as to fire Mr Grant with an affection for her which five-and-twenty years have not diminished. But to the breakfast.

Half an hour might be spent in describing Mr Grant's urn, to which there were four spouts: from one issued water, from the next milk, from the third tea, and from the fourth coffee—all boiling hot. The great mystery here was the method of heating it; and it is the delight of Mr Grant's eldest son, who acts in a measure as our cicerone, to unravel the same. At the bottom of the machine there is a little door, which, when opened, discloses a gas jet of flame burning below the quaternate caldron; the next mystery is the source of the gas; and upon closer inspection a gas pipe is perceivable, and is found to rise through the pillar of the table, and to appear at a hole in its centre, there being connected with the gas jet below the urn. 'But the table-cloth!' was my exclamation, with an apprehensive look at Mrs Grant, which produced a smile upon the lady's countenance, and a half-perplexed look upon the face of her husband. 'Oh, Mr Grant has his own peculiar way of overcoming these little difficulties. He first cut holes into two of my breakfast cloths, and, to supply their place, made me a present of half-a-dozen new ones.' Mr Grant looked in a deprecating manner over the top of his spectacles, and sent one of his youthful philosophers for a certain little mahogany box, which, when brought to table and opened, was found to contain a minute steam-engine of the vibrating cylinder construction. I had not previously noticed that there was something uncommon about the top of the urn, and that although the quartet, tea, coffee, milk, and water boiled in concert, no steam issued from the apparatus: there was a small safety-valve on one side, and a steam-cock on the other. 'Papa, the steam's up!' cried out the least of the children, as at the moment the tiny valve leapt upright, and whizzed forth a volume of vapour. Then the model was screwed on, the valve pressed down an instant, to increase the pressure, and the steam-way opened, and in an instant buzz went the engine, at a speed which would have put one of our great locomotives to the blush; so that the fly-wheel looked like a ring of shining brass whirling upon nothing; and Mr Grant, enchanted with the amazement he saw upon my

face, wiped his spectacles, and sat down in his chair. On the whole, that was one of the busiest and pleasantest breakfasts I ever partook of. A great deal might be said about the fine young Grants, whose happy and intelligent faces gave me more pleasure than any object I saw that morning; but such is not the object of my paper. Breakfast was concluded, the steam-engine unscrewed, the holed table-cloth removed, and Mrs Grant, with the younger children, retired, leaving us to the more proper occupation of the morning.

Time would fail me were I to attempt to describe all that I saw. The room was a polytechnicon. The steam was up in the boiler of the engine fixed at one side of the apartment—an engine of about one-horse power—and the machine began to move: it drove a lathe of the most modern construction, a lapidary's wheel, and a grindstone—the whole apparatus being so admirably set up, that the working caused scarcely any noise. Mr Grant, who is an adept at the lathe, proceeded to display the powers of his handsome machine. He soon succeeded in executing a profile likeness of your unworthy servant, with the ornament of a gigantic hat on its head, besides cutting out wooden roses, and ovals, and eccentrics, and manufacturing an ivory ring for Mrs Grant's parasol, and embellishing a snuff-box lid with a pattern containing the most intricate combinations and intersections of circles that can well be conceived, with sundry other feats of the chisel and graver which lovers of the lathe delight to sport in, until I began to think it the profoundest and most wonderful-working piece of mechanism ever put together by man. Then to the lapidary's wheel: a cairngorm, as ill-looking, unpromising a bit of flint-like rock as could well be picked up, was cut in half, 'faced' so as to bring out its peculiar marks, and was then consigned to our cicerone to polish up; it was subsequently sent after me home, where it forms one among the ornaments of my wife's mantelpiece. Then we saw divers descriptions of pumps, some having glass bodies, to demonstrate the *modus operandi* of the valve-work. At the earnest request and prayer of young Baldrie, I consented to be electrified after the most approved method. To his amazing delight I stepped upon the insulating stool, and soon became so charged, that, like Milton's comet, 'from my horrid hair' I might at least have shaken fire. These interesting experiments were concluded by the young gentleman begging to be permitted to show me his father's anti-robbery safe for the protection of jewels, money, valuables, &c. from thieves, and I was urged to attempt to open it. On laying my hand upon the brass handle, I was considerably surprised at the reception of the contents of a moderate-sized Leyden phial into my person. Hereby hangs a tale.

For a considerable period a raking young gentleman, in an over-vivacious condition, used to disturb Mr Grant and his family by violently pulling at his house-bell each night on his return to his own home, until the old gentleman was well nigh at his wits' end. A plan, however, was concocted between the elder and the younger Baldrie to detect and capture, if necessary, this jocular friend. The bell-wire was connected with a brass knob in the laboratory; and information having been received that the young gentleman had been seen to leave home at six in the evening in dinner attire, the conspirators sat up together in the laboratory, waiting for the customary salute. The dull hours dragged on until two in the morning. The elder Baldrie had gone to sleep at eleven, the younger keeping watch. There was a sound of distant footsteps. As they drew nearer, the watcher could discover that the steps were out of all ordinary rhythm; now three or four sudden and violent paces, then one or two heavy stamps. This must be the expected visitor. Mr Grant was awoke, and rubbed his eyes. The friend, true to habit, stopped at the gate, and grasped the bell-handle. He was suffered to give one tolerable pull, as we suffer a fish to take his first nibble, and then, at a signal from Mr Grant, young Baldrie

discharged a Leyden jar through the bell-wire. A tremendous shout was heard outside, succeeded by a heavy fall, and the Messrs Grant went triumphantly up to bed. On the ensuing day, intelligence was privately conveyed that the young gentleman, in a condition of considerable alarm, reached home, and was now confined to his room. Whether he ever discovered the artifice, it is impossible to say. It is quite certain that thenceforth Mr Grant and his family were undisturbed. My friend then pointed the moral deducible from the incident, by causing Lord Bacon's apothegm to be painted over the door of his laboratory—'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.'

Returning from this digression: Having examined the electrical apparatus generally, my attention was specially directed to what is called the electro-galvanic sub-section, from which I saw some exquisite electro-type casts, taken of leaves and flowers. In the mechanical section, where I cannot long dwell, were a variety of contrivances exhibiting an ingenuity of the highest degree of merit; amongst these were several locomotive and stationary model-engines, constructed upon some singularly novel principles. Of these the most interesting, and, in my estimation, the most important, was a small rough model-engine, of which the propulsive power was not steam, but liquefied carbonic acid gas, the gas being liquefied by its own pressure in its generation: a small wrought-iron tube, partially filled with this liquid, sustained the machine in action, being applied on the expansive principle, for several hours, endowing it with a power almost incredible for its size. The polytechnist stops to throw out a hint to the inventors of aerial machines, and proposes his gas engine in preference to the cumbrous apparatus of steam-boilers and coals and water. The perpetual-motion mania could scarcely fail of a victim in Baldrie Grant, and his delusion expended itself in the invention of a very simple machine, probably as near the requisites of the proposition as any other endlessly-going piece of mechanism: it consisted of a wooden wheel, delicately suspended by the fine steel points of a central axis, bedding, like the spindle of the lathe, upon, or rather into, two small holes made in the face of steel pieces, one at either end: to diminish friction, arms of wood loaded with lead were attached by a hinge to the circumference. These swung forward when the wheel was in motion, pressed it down, and as it revolved, fell in losing their temporary leverage, to give place to a new and continually-succeeding series of arms which perpetuate the motion.

In the domestic department, Mr Grant's peculiar genius displays itself in peculiar luxuriance. There are curious lamps of the most opposite construction and odd appearance; one is a highly dangerous and explosive self-gas generator, of which the very polytechnist himself stands in mortal dread; another a hot-oil consumer; a third a coal-naphtha lamp, with an air-blast up its centre, and so forth. I should say coffee-pots were articles upon which the greatest amount of human ingenuity has ever been expended. Mr Grant's are among the most extraordinary I ever beheld, and to this hour I am left in a state bordering upon the extreme of perplexity with reference to their construction. I can remember that one possessed a pump, another a screw, a third a windlass, and a fourth a combination of glass-work and tin pipes; but what is the proximate or ultimate relation of these several powers and applications to the manufacture of simple drinkable coffee, forms one of the insoluble problems of my mind.

Beside these are a host of little inventions, which embrace the several subjects of floriculture, natural philosophy, chemistry, and even astronomy: the wing of our polytechnist's mind is no chicken's pinion, I warrant you—let this suffice. It were a mistake to suppose that Mr Grant has no more serious occupation than that of dallying with the trifles, ingenious as they are, of which this memorial has been made. Probably few men are more actively engaged in the business of life: his warehouse makes calls upon him for exertions of no

ordinary kind; and let his well-earned commercial reputation tell that Mr Haldrie Grant's is a mind which, while it can unbend in obedience to an ingenuity of the most comprehensive character, is not the less fitted for the graver and sterner duties of life.

MILITARY GLORY.

We have often denounced the folly and criminality of war, but nothing that we ever said on the subject was half so severe as what is conveyed in the following brief statement by Count St Marie, a French author,* on the losses incurred by the war now prosecuting by his countrymen in Algeria.

'The sacrifice of men is proved by some very correct statistical accounts which have been kindly communicated to me. I find that the average mortality during fifteen years is 100 men per day, in consequence of sickness or the fire of the enemy, making an annual loss of 36,500 individuals; consequently, during these fifteen years since the occupation, France must have lost 547,500 men. The sacrifice of money is thus calculated: Every year five millions of francs for the army over and above the ordinary pay which the soldiers would receive if they were in France; two millions for the navy; two millions for persons employed in the different departments of civil service; namely, the administration of the interior, of finance, of the police, of rivers and forests, and of the clergy; and finally, one million for the secret fund, for presents and losses. All these items form a total of ten millions of francs annually; which, multiplied by fifteen, for the years of occupation, gives the sum of one hundred and fifty millions. This appears enormous, but is nevertheless below the mark; for the 547,500 deaths must be taken into account. Each of the men who have perished in Algeria cannot have cost less than two hundred and seventy-four francs. It must have been necessary to prepare stations, with allowances to support them on their march from the interior to the place of embarkation; to convey them and provide for them in vessels often hired from commercial companies; to clothe and arm them; to nurse them in the hospitals, and leave them their shirts to be buried in. Thus, the whole amount is absorbed in a minimum sum assigned to each of the dead, without taking account of the living; from which it may be inferred that the enormous figure of one hundred and fifty millions does not represent one-fourth of the real amount.'

There is much in this to engage the serious attention of our neighbours, who, from a thoughtless admiration of military parade and conquest, are apt to overlook the cost at which they are achieved. Let us endeavour to analyse the loss stated by Count St Marie. We begin with the loss of life. He says the war has already cost the lives of 547,500 men. This loss tells on the nation in three different ways. In the *first* place, there is the loss of each man, valued as a machine. Every human being, from his birth till the time he is able to earn his own livelihood, is a source of expense: he consumes food and clothing; requires to be lodged, educated, and otherwise attended to; and all this is so much expenditure of capital. His rearing must be viewed as an enterprise, voluntary or involuntary, on the part of parents; and the reasonable expectation is, that there will be a return for the outlay when the youth is capable of self-exertion. In estimating such outlay, we put out of the question parental hopes and anxieties, and confine ourselves merely to the subject of expense; and therefore, viewing each human being as a machine which has been perfected at so much cost, we put him down as an article of value. In the case before us, many of the men could not have cost parents less than £500. There are at least few English officers who have not caused an outlay of six times the amount. However, we put out of consideration these more

expensively-got-up soldiers, and estimate the French army at the moderate rate of £50 a-piece overhead. We say it is our belief that every one of the 547,500 men who have perished in Algeria cost his parents, first and last, £50; and so far as each of them is concerned, the money might as well have been thrown into the sea. Well, then, it comes to this, that there has been thrown away twenty-seven millions three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds' worth of men in the African war!

In the *second* place, there is the loss caused by the abstraction of 547,500 able-bodied men from pursuits profitable to the nation; as, for example, agriculture, manufactures, the arts generally, railway cutting, and other useful branches of labour. This abstraction is something more than temporary inconvenience. Every man in a state of mental and bodily health earns more than he consumes. The overplus is less or more, according to circumstances. Sometimes the increase belongs to employers, sometimes it remains the property of the labourer; but that is of no consequence in the present argument. It is enough for us to know that there is an increase, and that this increase cumulatively forms the national wealth. It is, for instance, ascertained that the annual overplus of savings in Great Britain amounts to £70,000,000. Every year we are seventy millions richer than we were the year before. Without the united industry of all, this grand result could not take place. Were we all to occupy ourselves as soldiers, there would not be a shilling of increase; there would, on the contrary, be a very serious deficiency; and if we went on soldiering, the nation would by and by be utterly impoverished. It will now be understood how much the French have lost, and continue to lose, by their Algerine war. They have lost the services of 547,500 able-bodied men, each of whom ought at this day to have been adding a little to the national wealth and resources. Supposing that the increase realisable by each man were estimated at only £10 annually, here would be a loss of £5,475,000 per annum. Taking ten years as the medium period of abstraction, the loss has already amounted to fifty-four millions seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds!

In the *third* place, the nation sustains a constant loss by the limitation of hands in the labour market. The taking away of 547,500 men, either causes much work to remain undone that ought to have been done, or it throws an undue quantity of work into the hands of those who remain, thereby enhancing the wages of all kinds of ordinary labour. It seems tolerably clear, that if two men are left to execute the operations which should properly be performed by three, they will demand pretty nearly the wages of three, while they do only the work of two: as a consequence of this state of things in France, the wages of labour are higher than they need to have been, had a peaceful policy prevailed. Railway digging, in particular, that modern leviathan, must be far more costly than it would have been, had the 547,500 men now lying in their graves in Africa been still competitors in the general market of labour. But, asks the selfish, is not the absence of these hands so much the better for us? You have no doubt some advantage in this respect, but it is transient and unsound. In the commonwealth, all help each other. The united savings of the nation form a fund out of which each has a chance of getting his share. To seek another example from Great Britain: the wealth that has for centuries been accumulating among us, is a stock out of which wages are paid and competencies realised. There is something substantial, so to speak, for the industrious man to cling to—something he may get hold of. How different is his condition in a poor country! There he may be diligent, and yet scarcely realise wherewithal for his subsistence. Toiling in the midst of poor, he also of necessity is poor. In degree, such is the relative condition of the French operatives at the present moment. Although they may be realising wages higher than would be paid under a broader system of competition,

* Algeria in 1845. Bentley, London: 1846.

these wages are lower than those usually paid in this country; and the reason for this is, that France has been drained by wars; capital has not had liberty to accumulate. Thus the few, with all their monopoly of labour, do not get rich. And if we reduce this few to still fewer, just so much the poorer will they become. Selfishness, appropriately, never meets with any other reward.

Summing up the losses stated by the Count St Marie, and including what we have here suggested, the account will stand as follows:—

Government outlay for fifteen years, at 10,000,000 francs annually, is 150,000,000 francs, or,	L.6,000,000
Government outlay for stations, hospitals, clothing, arms, shirts to be buried in, &c. 150,000,000 francs (said to be not a quarter of the amount),	6,000,000
Parental and national loss of 547,500 men, valued at L.50 each,	27,375,000
National loss of ten years' labour of 547,500 men, at L.10 each,	54,750,000
Loss from undue increase of wages by the abstraction of 547,500 men; cannot be calculated, but say,	5,875,000
	L.100,000,000

France may thus be said to have already suffered, from its war in Algeria, a loss of one hundred millions of pounds! Yet this sum, enormous as it is, feebly represents the complicated injury which France has sustained from this unfortunate enterprise. Confining our view only to the effects of the war on the national finances, it is evident that the drainage of money, without any adequate return, greatly increases the amount of taxation. To raise the required sums to support the war, heavy duties are imposed on imported articles; and besides limiting commerce, this inflicts many evils on the community. Nor is the injury confined to France. All nations have a mutual dependence and connexion. If the French are impoverished, how can they trade advantageously with their neighbours? In a sense the manufacturers of Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham are almost as much concerned in the extinction of the Algerine war as are the shopkeepers of Paris.

These may be pronounced utilitarian views; but if by this is meant that an advocacy of peace is suggestive of no exalted or poetical emotions, we should humbly beg to differ. What can there be ennobling in the thought of thousands of poor men dragged from their homes to die in mortal agony under the scorching sun of Africa? What more afflicting or abasing a spectacle than long trains of wagon-loads of wretches abandoned to die in the desert, or by the ferocious onslaught of hordes of Arabs? What is there in the following account to raise one's notions of military glory? We give the words of the Count St Marie:—

'What a sad spectacle was this! Three hundred brave men mutilated, and worn out by fatigue and suffering, not even permitted to die tranquilly in an hospital bed. I was assured that every day fresh convoys were pursuing the same route; and if the men do not speedily recover or die, they are removed to make room for others; thus encountering the fatigues of another long journey, to be transferred to another hospital. The consequence is, that these invalids frequently perish on the road. The last wagon of the convoy we passed contained the dead bodies of two unfortunate men who had perished by being exposed to the chill air of the defiles, and their fevered and shivering comrades seemed to envy their fate. I was deeply moved at the sight of these poor fellows, as the wagons drove slowly past us. Their features were drawn, their eyes wild, their clothes tattered; but in spite of all this misery and suffering, each one grasped his musket.'

It is impossible to believe that such enlightened men as the present king of the French and his minister M. Guizot can be sincerely favourable to the African war, or to any kind of war. We find, indeed, M. Guizot on a late occasion asking what is to preserve the security of France in Europe, and answering (not free trade, or upright government, or the moral and intellectual ad-

vancement of the French people—no), the *fortifications of Paris!* But, from the commencement of the revolution in 1789, CAJOLERY has been the leading instrument of government in France. This declaration of M. Guizot is only the sacrifice which he makes to the prejudices of his countrymen. The king and himself think themselves obliged to go a certain way along with popular delusions, that they may retain some hold upon the people. It is the popularity of the war in Africa which forbids the men of reflection to denounce it. The whole of these miseries and losses, which fall mainly upon the people, must therefore be set down, in the first place, to the folly and ignorance of the people themselves.

THE APPRENTICE GIRL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENIE FOA.

THE warerooms of Madame Camille, one of our most fashionable Parisian milliners, had one day received an additional apprentice. Her name was Gabrielle. Her father was a mason, and, like too many of the working-classes, drank on Sunday what he had earned during the week. Her mother did the best she could to support her family, and found it a hard matter with the little she earned.

Gabrielle had suffered such misery from her cradle, that she had never known that youthful spring which usually makes to children the mere consciousness of existence a joy. 'Mamma, what a nice thing it is to be alive!' once said a child to her mother as she bounded before her. Gabrielle was sixteen, and knew not what a smile was. Her fair but faded cheek bore an expression of suffering and quiet resignation, which was more affecting than any open demonstration of grief. The child contrasted the house of her mistress—the abode of order, economy, and industry, and consequently of ease and comfort—with her own home, where reigned every kind of wretchedness that poverty and disorderly habits could produce, and where reproaches—most just, it is true, but consequently the more painful—gave rise to mutual recrimination between the husband and wife.

One evening among others the wife was complaining that the mason had not given her all he earned. 'I should have nothing to drink if I did,' replied the husband. The dispute was beginning to get warm; Gabrielle whispered to her father, 'I give my mother half of what I earn, father, to buy clothes for my brothers and sisters; I will give you the other half for drink.'

'Thank you, my child,' said the father, who accordingly took the money from his daughter and went out. But this man, who could drink without any scruple the fruit of his own labour, felt a kind of remorse in expending at the tavern the money which had been earned by his daughter; and when he drew from his pocket the hard-earned pieces which the slight, delicate hand of his daughter had placed in his, the sound of them, as they jingled on the counter, went to his very heart, and that evening, for a wonder, he returned home sober. How much may be accomplished by kind looks and words, when all remonstrances fail! A trifling act of kindness, with a look of affection, had smote the feelings of the hitherto reckless father.

The following evening, after having, in a similar manner, received the half of Gabrielle's earnings, the mason went out; but he had hardly taken a few steps, when he came back. 'Gabrielle,' said he, 'come and we will take a walk in the country.'

Gabrielle started up with alacrity. 'You are not going to the tavern, father?' said she to him.

'Is it with a young girl like you? Do you think me a brute?' said the man. The heart, after all, is the best teacher of what is becoming.

Gabrielle knew how to read, and during their walk she related to her father a number of little stories, which amused him, and made him forget the tavern. The next week the mason's family had enough to eat; and the week after, from the united earnings of the father

and daughter, the children were able to be sent to school: in short, at the end of a month, the aspect of this dwelling, formerly the abode of misery, tears, and quarrels, was quite altered; and the companions of the mason, missing him from his old haunt, began jeering him; but he told them what his daughter had done.

'So good a daughter ought to make a good wife,' cried a rich miller who had been listening to him. 'I have an only son, and right glad would I be if you would give her to him. Good sense, gentleness, and modesty are better in the poor man's house than riches.' And immediately, without even inquiring whether Gabrielle were ugly or pretty, he demanded her in marriage for his son.

Gabrielle is now the wife of a rich miller. She is the mother of children, and a blessing to her husband's family, as she had been to her own. Those lips which had never uttered but words of patient gentleness and sense beyond her age, are no longer strangers to smiles; and the rosy hue of health again tinges the cheek which had faded under early hardship and over-toil. Gabrielle is still living.

EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR.

Moderate exercise in the open air, for the purpose of assisting the various secretions, is another essential requisite for the production and maintenance of good health. None can neglect this rule with impunity; but a sedentary life is certainly not so detrimental to those who live on vegetable diet. Unless sufficient oxygen be supplied to the lungs by daily exercise in the open air, the products of decomposition will fail to be removed in sufficient quantity for the maintenance of a healthy state; and the assimilation of new matter is impeded. Without exercise, also, the contractile power of the heart and large arteries is feebly exerted; and, though sufficient to carry the blood to the ultimate tissue, it is nevertheless not strong enough to carry it through with the rapidity necessary for health. The ultimate tissue being thus filled faster than it is emptied, congestion takes place in those delicate and important vessels which compose it; as well as in the large veins, the office of which is to convey the blood from the tissue to the heart. One of the chief conditions of the body, in that general ill state of health usually denominated 'indigestion,' is congestion of blood in the ultimate tissue of our organs—the brain, the lungs, the spinal marrow, the stomach, the ganglionic system, the liver, bowels, and all the organs concerned in the nutrition of the body. When the system, therefore, debilitated by disease, will admit a good supply of oxygen by muscular exercise, it is the best means of diminishing the amount of viciuous blood, and (in conjunction with a legitimate supply of proper food) of increasing the amount of arterial blood; and in proportion as the latter preponderates over the former, shall we possess health and muscular strength, as well as elasticity of mind.—*Smith's Fruits and Farinacea.*

MANUFACTURE OF ANTIQUITIES.

There exist at Rome secret work-rooms of sculpture, where the works manufactured are broken arms, heads of the gods, feet of satyrs, and broken torsos—of nobody. By means of a liquid there used, a colour of the finest antiquity is communicated to the marble. Scattered about the country are goat-herds, who feed their flocks in the vicinity of ruins, and look out for foreigners. To these they speak incidentally of the treasures found by digging a few feet deep in such neighbourhoods. The English, in particular, are the victims of such mystifications, and freely yield their money to the shepherds, who are agents to the General Artificial Ruin Association, and know well where to apply the pickaxe. They are careful, however, to spend much time and fruitless search before they come finally upon the treasure, for which the foreigner willingly pays. England is full of these antiquities of months' age. Nor do the amateur numismatists leave Rome with empty hands; for in that city are daily coined, without fear of the law, the money of Cæsar, Hadrian, Titus, Heliogabalus, and all the Antonines—fired, pinched, and corroded, to give the look of age. Paris may be said to have hitherto, by comparison with London, escaped this epidemic for the youthful antiquities of bronze and marble—but she is devoured by the forgers of middle-age antiquities. It is notorious with what skill and impudence certain cabinet-makers manu-

facture chairs, tables, and footstools of the fifteenth century, and how readily they find dupes. A young antiquary showed, lately, with great pride, to an artist, a friend of his, a very fine article of Gothic furniture, which he had just bought at great cost. 'It is very fine,' said his friend, after examination, 'and it will last you long—for it is quite new.'—*Athenæum.*

A REASSURING PROSPECT.

FROM 'LES RAYONS ET LES OMBRES' OF VICTOR HUGO.

ALL is light and all is joy.
The spider's foot doth busily
Unto the silken tulips tie
His circling silver broidity.

The dragon-fly on fluttering wings,
Mirrors the orbs of her large eyes
In the bright pond where creeping things
Make a dark world of mysteries.

The full-blown rose, grown young again,
Kisses the sweet bud's tender blush;
The bird pours forth his tuneful strain
Within the sun-illumined bush.

He blesses God, who ne'er is hid
From the pure soul to virtue given;
Who makes the dawn a fiery lid
For the azure eye of heaven.

In woods that soften every sound,
The timid fawn doth dreaming play;
And in the green moss shining round,
Beetles their living gold display.

The moon, all pale in sunlit skies,
A cheerful convalescent seems;
And opens soft her opal eyes,
Whence heaven's sweetness downward streams.

The wallflower with the gamesome bee
Plays by the crumbling ruins old;
The furrow waketh joyfully,
Moved by the seeds that burst their fold.

All lives and sits around with grace—
The sunbeam on the threshold wide,
The gliding shade on the water's face,
The blue sky on the green hill's side.

On joyful plains bright sun-rays fall,
Woods murmur, fields with flowers are clad.
Fear nothing, man; for nature all
Knows the great secret, and is glad!

Paris.

—C. WITCOMB.

CANDOUR.

Candour consists in giving a fair and deliberate hearing to opinions, statements, and arguments, and weighing fairly and honestly their tendency. It is, therefore, opposed to prejudice, blind attachment to preconceived opinions, and that narrow disputatious spirit which delights in captious criticism, and will hear nothing with calmness that is opposed to its own views; which distorts or misrepresents the sentiments of its opponents, ascribing them to unworthy motives, or deducing from them conclusions which they do not warrant. Candour, accordingly, may be considered as a compound of justice and the love of truth. It leads us to give due attention to the opinions and statements of others—in all cases to be chiefly solicitous to discover truth; and in statements of a mixed character, containing perhaps much error and fallacy, anxiously to discover and separate what is true. It has accordingly been remarked, that a turn for acute disputation, and minute and rigid criticism, is often the characteristic of a contracted and prejudiced mind; and that the most enlarged understandings are always the most indulgent to the statements of others—their leading object being to discover truth.—*Abercrombie's Moral Feelings.*

In answer to many inquiries, arising from our recommendation of Mrs. Kingston's vocal music for the young, we understand that this music is not sold at any shop, but at the author's residence, No. 2 York Buildings, New Road, Marylebone, London.

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